THE LIGHT-HOUSE

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down, The tide comes up, and the comes up, and the cruel sea with a hungry roar, Dashes its breakers along the shore;
But steady and clear, with a constant ray,
The star of the light house shines alway.

The ships come satting across the main, But the harbor mouth is hard to gain, For the treacherous reef lies close beside, And the pocks are line as the coming tide. And the bilinding for comes down it sight,

The sailors, sailing their ships along, Will tell you a tale of the light-house stron How once, when the keeper was far away. A terrible storm swept down the bay. And two little children were left to keep Their awesome watch with the angry dee

For Humanity's sake I will watch to-night, o the sailors heard through the murky shi The fog-bell sounding its warning loud!
While the children, up in the lonely tower,
Tended the lamp in the midnight hour.
And prayed for any whose souls might be
In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghastly and dim, when the storm was o'er, Ghasily and dim, when the storm was o'et, The ships rode safely, far off shore, And a boat shot out from the town that lay Dusky and purple, across the bay, She touched her keel to the light-house str And the eager keeper leapert to land. And swiftly climbing the light-house stair, He called to his children, young and fair; But, worn with their tollsome watch, they slep While slowly over their forebeads crept

DELL TO-DAY.

Here at the gate, let us stand and wait
Till the grand procession pass;
The marshal first, in marvelous state,
With the drum and the sounding brase;
Then the veterans brave in blue draw near,
With sober, soldiery air:
And the halt and the maimed are riding here,
And the priest and the poet there.

And now the troop of the children comes,
In wavy, hesitant files,
All Bright with the blush of early blooms;
All wreathed in roses and smiles.
They are halting now at the graves of the boy.
And the drige will be softly sing;
And the parson will give to faith a voice,
And the poet to love a song,

But you and I, my Harry and Bess,
Will turn from these well-meant words
Apart through the woodland silence—
Alone with the breezes and birds.
Here, at this grave, where the pine Where the solemu south winds roam, ur rosemary and our rue we'll leave, And carry our heartsease bome.

But the joy and the pain are one.
Sit down on the bank here, Bessy, and you
Lie here on the grass, my son.
Fourteen next month! You were only four

A sudden and terrible call had come

For an kimy of volunteers;
And the tidings brought to our happy home
Hard struggles and boding fears.
That night he sat in a silent mood,
And held you both to his breast;
I saw on his brow the shadows brood
And darken—I knew the rest!

He carried you up to your crib that night, And watched with you till you slept: The strong man wrestled and wept.

I found him praying, and left him there Alone with his Father and you.

Till the Helper lifted his load of care,

And then he came forth and told me all-

But here is a picture you never saw-On this side Mother and Bess; Hat on the other--the little flaw Is the dint of a ball, I guess. He carried it always here, by his heart; And, when they led him away Faint from the field, where he hore his part So gallantly on that day--

(The captain told me this). Hedrew it forth, and with many a look,

That is all, my darling, I have to tell.
Like another diviner Friend,
Having loved his own in the world so well,
He loved them mto the end.
The love that he left to you and me
Is our fortune and our pride;
The truest, mantiest man was he-

Came hither, Harry! PH lean on you

When the solemn south winds roam,

Mrs: Vandervere's Gov-

NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

ide Truck America Star A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOLUME I.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

NUMBER 48.

without a struggle. I should have to be governess somewhere. I may as well be there as anywhere. And, Grace, I know there is a will of a later date than that which gave the property to Uncle Ralph's heir. Grandfather would never have left us so utterly destitute!"

"Didn't he leave papa so for years and years?" said Grace. "After papa and years?" said Grace. "After papa and years?" said Grace. "After papa much occupied with their games to notice.

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"Didn't he leave papa so for years and beginning of many more such evenings when Mrs. Yandevere and Lettia were out, and the children foo notice."

But a sudden sound startled ber. She evenings her with startled wonder. She cried out with the shock of surprise, and the lamp fell from her head to see Shelby Stanwoods figure framed in the doorway, his eyes regarding her with startled wonder. She cried out with the lamp fell from her hand. It like her; perhaps he never wished to see us on that account. But I know he was sorry before he died, Grace, and I her and Miss Letitia one mor

toan elsewhere; but it was an old prover in the family that it was of no use to interfere with Cassle—she would have her own way.

That very afternoon, in spite of the rain, Cassle donned her shabby black.

to interfere with Cassie—she would have her own way.

That very afternoon, in spite of the rain, Cassie donned her shabby black shawl and her demure, black straw bonnet, and took an omnibus that left her within a stone's throw of Longwood, the house that had been her father's home in childhood, and should have been hers now.

Mrs. Vandevere, her uncle's widow, was an exceedingly stately and chilling to fany consequence was burned; the fire was extinguished, but you had a very narrow escape, said Mrs. Vandevere.

"But I had a paper in my hand," perthing, which I could never see they did before."

"And she is so obliging—does my back hair so beautifully, wheaver I was that burned?"

"No, it is safe," answered another voice, and Shelby Stanwood came forward with the will in his hand.

"What is it? what does it mean?" demanded Mrs. Vandevere.

was an exceedingly stately and chilling dame. She looked Cassie over with careful scrutiny, and asked innumerable questions as to her qualifications, refinement, etc., until Cassie began to feel that her success was very doubtful; and she was hardly sorry either for Mrs. finement, etc., until Cassie began to feel that her success was very doubtful; and she was hardly sorry either, for Mrs.

So Cassie was not surprised when that afternoon she was summoned to the his property to his eldest son's children she sought! Miss Letitia Stanwood, Mrs. Vande-

vere's eldest daughter, also came to in-spect and question Cassie, and then re-tired with her mother into the adjoining ing the door ajar, however, so that every word came to Cassie's ears. "I think you might as well take her, mamma," said Miss Letitia. "She is

rather prettiy, to be sure, but she is not pert, or smartly dressed, like Simpkins, and she dosen't look as if she would have followers. And you must have a governess at once, for the children are getting to be perfect little savages. "She is too pretty," said Mrs. Vandevere, musingly, "but then, as you say, she is not too fine for her station, like most of them. i'll try her at least." And so the next day Cassie was est

lished at Longwood as governess to three children who certainly came very near deserving their sister's appellation
—"perfect little savages."

"Well, I must get a class in music, if I can I suppose," Grace had said when Cassic came back from Longwood, elated with the success of her errand." and

"Yes," said Cassie, indignantly, Hugh must go into a store while Mrs. Vande-

blood? Not he! I think he would rise from his grave if he knew it! Grace hear me prophesy—you and I shall yet see Hugh master of Longwood!" And that was the hope and belief that Cassie

hearted and amiable than Cassie had anticipated, but vain and foolish, and

Vandevere and those insufferable girls!' til you have sung that song once more. I will promise you that I won't add my without a struggle. I should have to be governess somewhere. I may as wall be

Cassie heard a conversation between her and Miss Letitia one morning that

Vandevere's arrogance she felt would be harder to bear than she had anticipated. But yet to be so near to the prize "I have sent for you, Miss Willis, to perform a painful duty—a duty to you not less than to myself. I am not satisfied with your conduct of late—you can-not fail to understand that I mean your

gracing himself by an alliance with me. Not all the wealth of the Indias would tempt me to marry your son!"

And Cassle swept out of the room leaving Mrs. Vandevere with her dignity more disturbed than it had ever been be-

wood. He stopped as if to speak, but she bowed coldly and endeavored to sweep by him in the stately fashion in which she had left Mrs. Vandevere's presence. But he stood directly between

live with him, instead of sending us just enough money to support us?"

But those evenings were not the only times when Mr. Shelby Stanwood displayed his devotion to Cassie, and Mrs. Shelby Stanwood displayed his devotion to Cassie, and Mrs. but the lamp fell from her hand. It touched the dusty old draperies of a window as it fell. In an instant a tongue would be collected. The songs of Vandevere's eves were keen.

"I am afraid I shall have to send her she cried."

way," said Mrs. Vanderers (it)

Her son held the paper up before he

Mrs. Vandevere read the paper with blanched fips: "The children of my eldest son, Hugh, -but what is it to her? where did she "She found it in the old mahogany bookcase. She is Hugh Vandevere's

place as that?"
"He was taken ill suddenly, you remember, and when he was delirious he continually raved about a will that was

"Then you are ready to give up the property and return to your poverty, on the strength of an artful trick like this?" responded his mother, angrily.

"It is very easy to prove whether the will is genuine or not," said Shelby, cointing quietly to the names of the

NO LXX.

rise, comic side, and if some of our book-it makers would study the newspapers of But it is not of flame lapped Cassie's dress, a fiery breath swept across her cheek.

Excitement and the sudden frightwere too much for even Cassie to bear. The precious will fluttered out of her grasp phrases, but he died before the close of shall always believe there is a will, whether we ever find it or not!"

Grace did not approve of Cassie's plan; it seemed more humiliating to be governess in Mrs. Vandever's family, in the ceres in Mrs. Vandever's family, in the ble slave! I'm afraid she'll coax him into making love to her in downright into making love to her in downright over here.

Excitement and the sudden frightwere too much for even Cassie to bear. The precious will fluttered out of her grasp and she fainted and fell. When she came to herself she was in her own room with a group of auxious faces bending over the could realize the passions and prejudices that afterwards entered would have made a splendid campaigner, with his keen sarcasm and his homely phrases, but he died before the close of Washington's first term (April, 1790), and before he could realize the passions and prejudices that afterwards entered too much for even Cassie to bear.

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The precious will fluttered out of her grasp and his homely phrases, but he died before the close of washington's first term (April, 1790), and before her could have been their own. George Dennison Prentice was, however the prince of this style of writing. Be inning as the editor of the Louisville fournal in 1831, he soon became a host in the opposition to Jackson, Van Buren, Polk and other Democratic Presidents. hordering on the severest personalities, were far more effective than the heavy columns of his editorial foes, Duff Green, Shad Penn, Francis P. Blair and Thomas Ritchie. And yet, while he could sting like a hornet, he could sing like a nightingale. It is not often that one who dis-tilled such venom into his paragraphs could exhale so much sweet fragrance from his poems. We had a rougher wit in Wm. B. Conway, the editor of a little Democratic paper called the Monataineer, printed in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, who threw off some of the finest party songs and repartees of his time.

Living men who saw those days will continually raved about a will that was not forget the monster parades of the give his property to his eldest son's Whigs after the Maine election in 1840, when they chorused the popular refrain

"Why will you cling to that absurd idea?" said Grace. "It is not possible that there is any will in the bookease, for Jeannette looked, it all through before she not any other than the drawer and the drawer law the fill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law the fill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law the fill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law to fill through before she not any will in through before she not any other law thrill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law to fill through the fore she not any other law thrill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law to fill through the fore she not any will be the drawer of the thrill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law in the drawer law to fill through the fore she not any will be the drawer of a compare, and comprehensive survey. He was she comprehended the whole, and then the whole, and the thrill of joy and thunkfulness, for the drawer law in the law in the law in the drawer law in

would have made a splendid campaigner, with his keen sareasm and his honely phrases, but he died before the close of Washington's first term (April, 1790), and before he could realize the passions and prejudices that afterwards entered into those quadrennial struggles. The libels of Freneau, the fierce invectives of Cobbets, the short paragraphs of John Binns, all of them first appearing in Philadelphia, would interest the country if they could be reproduced to-day. George Dennison Prentice was, however, ifest in seasons of high political excitement, where a disagreeing jury of twelvemen, have listened to the same evidence, the same rulings and the same pleadings, self-concett and egotism inflame with the same rulings and the same pleadings, self-concett and egotism inflame with the same rulings are self-concett and egotism inflame w and possibly each animated with an ear-nest desire to do right in their finding, will be found divided according to their political convictions—the Democrats for acquittal and the Republicans for conviction, or vice versa. A judge who is worthy of the position he occupies, is larger and more liberal in his views, holding his prejudices in subjection, the world in some shape or other. Van-with a profound respect for law which ity of this kind may have a false yet at-

livlihood is none too good to take a bribe in an important case. Possibly much of this prejudice against the professional juror is unfounded, but there is no which mistakes entail.

DIVINE ASSISTANCE. when they chorused the popular refrain opening and ending with—

Oh! have you heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine?

There is a question frequently asked—
In the dependence of men in all their exertions upon God, whether we must not look to the spirit of God. I believe four years after, when they took up the same song and thundered it back upon the Whigs, who lost Maine in the fall elections, and the Presidency in the November following. Tammany Hall came tament never hinders men, it helps them. This value does not be the serve only to prove waters are my which are able if M. N., value of the prove of the serve of t

soils his judicial ermine by rendering an unfair decision for a consideration must alone bear the ignominy and disgrace which attends such an act. The juror, on the contrary, shares the disgrace with eleven others.

But it is not bribery that is to be feared so much as ignorance, prejudice and the susceptibility of the average juror to the rhetoric of attorneys. Under the ridical part of the resulting of the average juror to the rhetoric of attorneys. Under the ridical part of the susceptibility of the average juror to the rhetoric of attorneys. Under the ridical part in the part of the average juror to the rhetoric of attorneys. Under the ridical part into action and or independent into action. ridiculous ralings of some of our courts, and then put our judgment into action by which persons who have read news-

unwarrantable assurance of success.
This sort of blind enthusiasm which may be beautiful in youth is simply contemptible in middle age. Nothing disgusts a sensible man sooner than the unreasoning conviction of mediocremen that they will altimately be very rich, or very famous, or very prominent in the eye of the world in some shape or other. Vana tractive light thrown around it when s-cherished by an indisputable genius— some military chieftain like the first Na-poleon, who believes in his star; some

on fail to understand that I mean your conduct in relation to my son. Meist rery kind-hearted and very thoughtless, and has paid you some attention, which, I am sorry to say, you have received more freely than any discreet young lady in your situation, should. You man have failed that his attentions meant something serious, but I assure you than have fancied that his attentions meant something serious, but I assure you that had brought forth. "When I saw her jin her sleep the think for a moment, of looking beneath him for a wife."

Casele had schooled herself to endure insult, but this was more than she could bear. She drew herself up to her fall being hit, and a vivid flame glowed in circle release."

"It is you who are mistaken, madame."

"Check my baggage, sir," is the mu-sical utterance of a most delicate looking sical utterance of a most delicate looking lady, as she approaches the baggage agents in the ever busy depot of the Pennsylvania Raliroad Company. She is not five feet in stature, will not weigh 125 avoirdupois, has cheeks and hands of illy transparency, and looks as if she lived on shrimps and the sweetened white of eggs well whipped into a froth. What is the baggage of so dainty a lady? Make way, for here it comes. First, an inmense Saraioga trunk, three and a

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES, M

Thomas Sharp, a young resident of rinceton, Indiana, was badly burned y cutering an off cellar with a lighted lamp, the lamp setting fire to the gas emitted by the oils stored there. An entire family of seven persons liv ing near Memphis, were recently pol-

soned by eating fish from a stream, the banks of which were lined with eater-

pillars, and upon which the fish had been feeding. At Louisville, on Sunday night, officer onnelly chased two men out of a house in the east end of the city, and shot one who offered resistance. The man was found to be John Kountz, well known to the police. He died on Monday night.

A dispatch from Hager-town says that Alexander Smith, Wesley Finnegan and Frederick Fredinger were killed by the falling of the wall of the old Court-house, which was burned last December and which the workmen were taking

down. andria and Manassas Railroad ran over a cow, about eight miles from Alexandria, Virginia, on Monday evening, throwing the engine and cars off the track, killing two brakemen and seriousv wounding the fireman.

A few days ago a man in Washington county, Kentucky, named Lovell, placed a pistol in the hand of his little son, prejudice. Even though he may be reasonably honest, as the world goes, in too many instances he is so sodden with prejudice as to be incapable of seeing the truth. This fact is often painfully manifully man other sister, inflicting a mortal wound. There is a great excitement in the neighporhood against Lovell, who made his

scape. At 11:30 o'clock on Monday night At 11:30 o'clock on Monday night
Sarah Hays, an aged woman and housekeeper to John Rogers, living at No. 83
North Fourth street, Brooklyn, was
burned into a blackened mass by her
clothes taking fire from a lighted candle
which she was carrying in her hand to
her bedroom. The other inmates of the
house were in bed at the time and did
not reach her soon enough to make any not reach her soon enough to make any effort to prevent the fatal injuries to her.

Harbor Grace papers contain details of a fearful disaster which occurred at Labrador on the 11th of March last. The brig Huntsman, Captain Dawes, sailed from Harbor Grace with a crew of sixtytwo men, on a sailing voyage. When out and sticks to it in spite of any argument that dare not convince him he is in the wrong. The man who, with open eyes proceeds in a certain course at all hazards is generally the man who has hazards is generally the man who has foreseen all reasonable objections and has nicely balanced them. He does not pretend to be unimpeachable. But his common-sense informs him that the best fifty-nine took to the rigging, and in five minutes afterward both masts went over seventeen, all but three were variously injured by having arms and legs broken and bodies bruised. They managed to reach the Rescue by crawling over the ice a distance of half a mile. Forty-five widow out in Elmwood, Ill. Her husmen were lost, most of them leaving families living at or near Harbor Grace.

damage. Department giving the details of the massacre by Indians, Mexicans and ne-

A statement was all and a statement of the statement of t

ADVERTISING RATES ONE THOSE IN SPACE MAKES A SQUARE.

Business notices in local columns will be chargnsertion and eight cents per line for each sub-

Business cards 1.25 per line per annum. Yearly advertisers discontinuing their adver-Transjent advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. Regular advertisement to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.

MELANGE. Nut-crackers-Shillalaghs.

A "Counter Case "-Shop-lifting. Mr. Greeley's pet "Ism"-Greelevism. Any two spples are alike if they are Extraordinary Phenomenon-A feat

Half-pay officers are generally of a re-tiring disposition.

The Spendthrift's Prayer—"Leave me a-lone, will you?" An ungrammatical judge is apt to pass The New York Tribune supports Hor-

ace Greeley for President. Don't say anything is "too thin;" say t lacks adequate thickness. Ice water in all railroad cars is required by the law of humanity, Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk? Because it grows down.

Why is a water-lily like a whale?-What is the funniest burglary on rec-

Our milkman denies watering his milk. But that story, like his lacteal fluid, is too thin. "Say Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been any-where for it. I haven't got a weak back." The first colored lawyer has just been

admitted to practice in South Carolina. This gives a new hue to the Southern and asked the clerk if he had "Lovely Eyes." He replied, "I am told so by

Josh Billings says: "When you strike ile stop boring; many a man has bored clean thru, and let the lle run out the

from New Zealand with a new poem of 14,000 volumes. Over the door of a cobler's shop in Providence, appears this legend: Boots and shoes is made here—ladies and shen-

tlemans repaired.

Mr. George L. Osgood, who has achieved some reputation abroad as a tenor, has changed his base from Vienna to his native city, Boston.

A Newfoundland dog is a good thing to have, only you must get one or two children and a pond before he will be of any use .- Josh Billings.

Snake stories are in season. The list opens splendidly with the boy who was choked to death by a large black serpent coiling around his neck. "Old age is coming upon me rapidly,"

widow out in Elmwood, Ill. Her hus-band died three years ago, and in all that time she has not spoken a word to any living being. At a recent cat show at the Crystal Palace, Dr. Hogg was one of the judges, and it is expected that Dr. Cat will act